

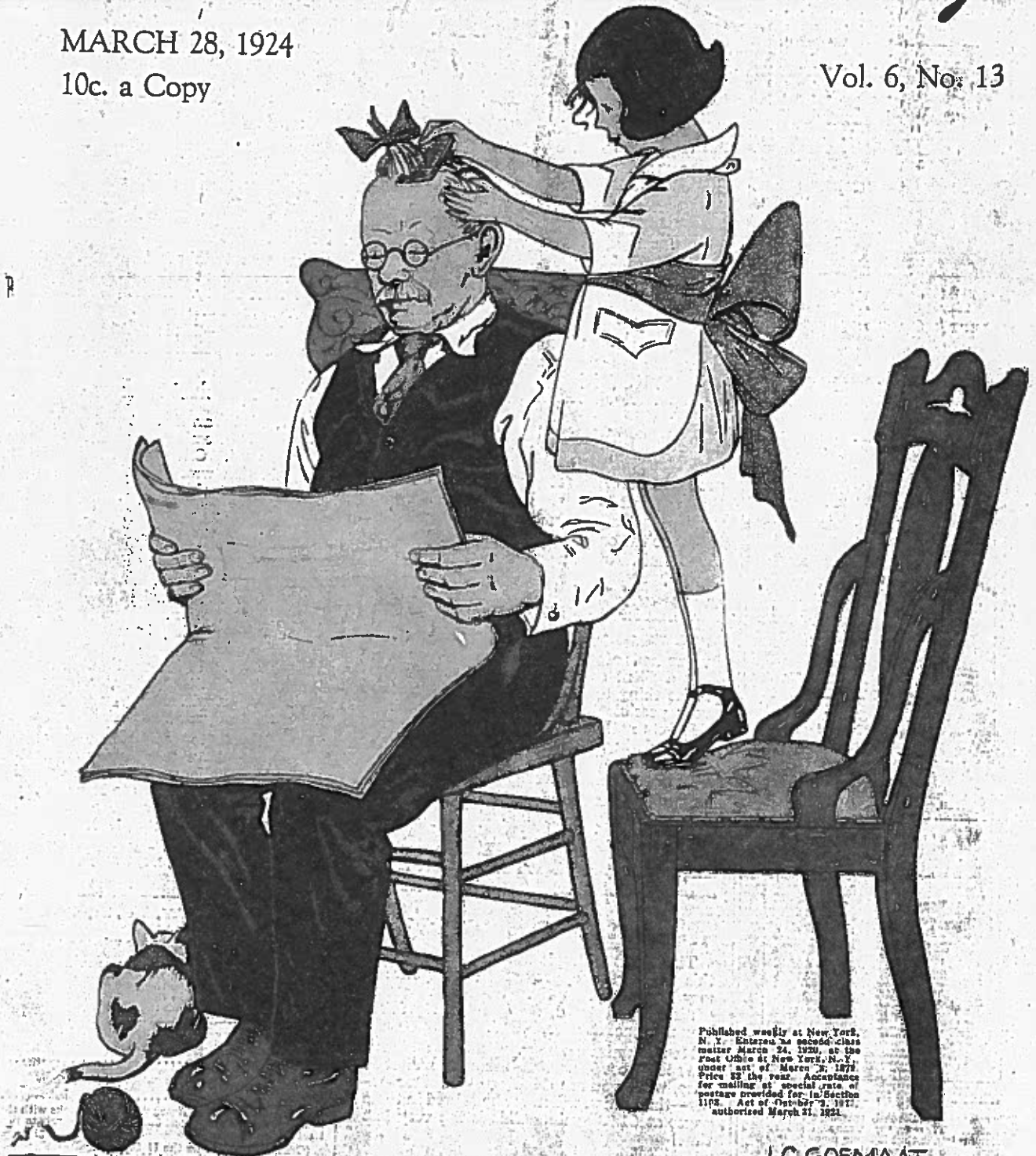
Charley I. Civan
R. F. D.
Medford

BACK YOUR MAN AND SHOOT TWO BITS! SEND A QUARTER TO NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS WITH THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF A SERVICE MAN NOT A LEGIONNAIRE. READ THE DETAILS OF THE MEMBER-GETTING PLAN ON PAGE 23

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

MARCH 28, 1924
10c. a Copy

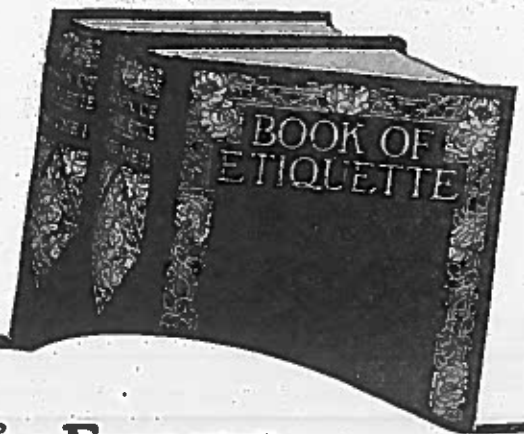
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J. C. GOEMAAT

For the Last Time!



The Famous Book of Etiquette

ONLY \$1.98

If You Act Quickly



"Goodbye! I'm Very Glad to Have Met You."

But he ISN'T glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment he has just experienced. Every day people who are not accustomed to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is?



Again She Orders—
"A Chicken Salad, Please."

She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why HAD she ordered that again? He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She wasn't sure of herself. She didn't really KNOW.



What's Wrong in This Picture?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public. There is, for instance, the very obvious mistake that is being made in this picture. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out? Perhaps there are more mistakes than one—what do YOU think?

LAST call! This is positively your final chance to secure through these pages the complete, original \$3.50 edition of the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette at the special bargain price of only \$1.98.

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The Book of Etiquette is being used daily by hundreds of thousands of men and women. It is a silent social secretary that tells the precise thing to do, say, write and wear on every possible occasion. It omits nothing. It forgets nothing. It eliminates all chance for blundering, protects from all embarrassment and humiliation in social contact, gives you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

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Etiquette is the armor that protects us from little unexpected embarrassments. A spoon incorrectly used. Olives taken with the fork. An introduction wrongly acknowledged. A dance or party at which one feels "alone," out of place. A tea at which one is "tongue-tied"—unable to converse pleasantly, unable to do or say with ease the things that are correct.

These are the things that invariably cause us great embarrassment. And they can be avoided! You can know just what to do and say on every occasion. Etiquette will protect you from making impulsive blunders, will be an armor that guards you from embarrassments and humiliation. Etiquette will make you a better "mixer," a better conversationalist; it will make you sure of yourself, confident of your own social powers.

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MARCH 28, 1924

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PAGE 3

MACDONALD says that if there had been a superman in the road business all this might have been foreseen twenty years ago. But there was none. Supermen run very few to the hill. So the big idea did not take form until 1916. Thomas H. MacDonald is chief of the Government's Bureau of Good Roads. He has been in the road business all his life—began away back in 1904, when it became his duty to hold down the

Broad Highways of Democracy

By Herbert Corey

man is to be his own master of transportation. He can start when and where he lives and go as long as he wants to and where he pleases. It is the greatest theory of transportation the world has ever seen."

THIS is not a story about MacDonald, but I'm bound to quote him, because he gave me a vision of the great new plan. Up to this time, he says, there has never been a complete system of transportation anywhere. Think it over. You plan to go from your home at Marysville to visit your sister Mary Ellen at Cross Junction. Or you ship your wheat or cotton from one point to another.

"If you are going visiting," says MacDonald, "you either walk to the rail-

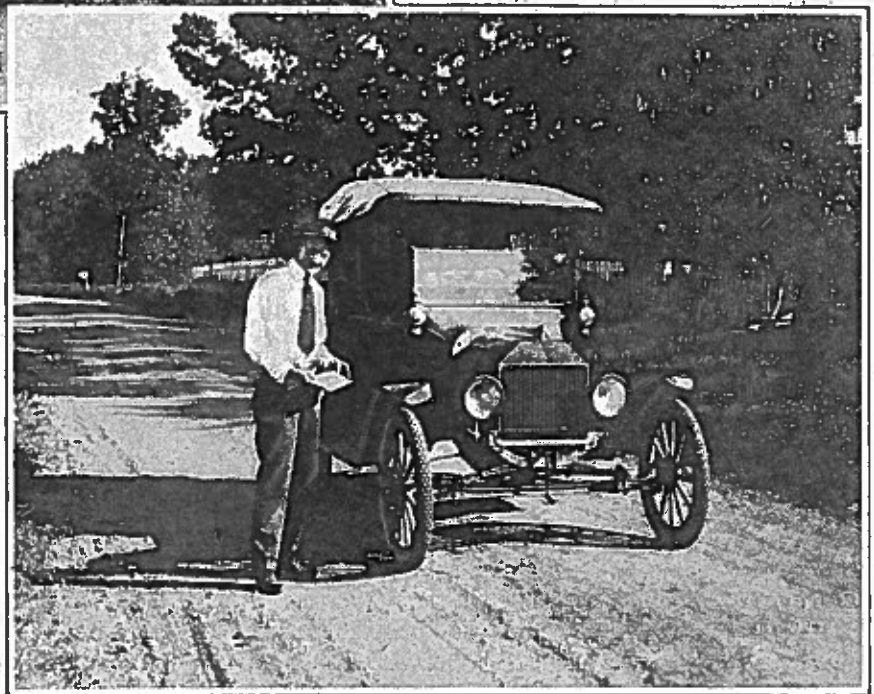


A stretch of the Jefferson Highway near De Queen, Arkansas, before and after treatment. What'll you take, mud or gravel?

screaming farmer and force concrete culverts down his throat. One might say the Big Idea grew right there, although it would be doing MacDonald more credit than he asks to suggest that it began with him. There were no supermen around just then, as he admits. The Big Idea grew all of itself. By and by it got so big that it couldn't help but be noticed. And here it is:

"The American people," says MacDonald, "are trying an experiment in transportation. No one has ever tried it before. No people could, for the elements that go to make it up have never been present before.

"We are equipping ourselves," says he, "with 15,000,000 pieces of rolling stock and asking the Government to provide us with the roadbed. Every



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road station or else you ride in some sort of a vehicle. And when you get to the other end you either walk or ride. The same thing happens to your cotton or wheat. The system has not been a complete one. The railroad or the canal or the ocean steamer or whatever it is that you travel the principal distance on only furnishes the middle link of the chain. You must supply the connecting link at either end yourself."

YOU get the Big Idea? Nowadays you have to do is to walk out to the garage and crank the car. You step in at your own door and step out in a manner of speaking, at Mary Ellen's. The new system of transportation does not and never will supplant the rail and water transport of today. It is collateral to it, a subsidiary. It not only makes travel more easy, more comfortable, but it is building up business. The roads are dotted with road-houses, most of them pretty poor. It seems sometimes that the first thought of any woman who has failed in something else is to open a chicken and waffle shop somewhere on a highway. It has knocked the bottom out of a large part of the small-town hotel business, and revived old time inns that were stopping points for coaches about the time Washington crossed the Delaware.

More than that, it has created a new system of truck transportation. Hereafter railroads and boats must be considered as a means of feeding terminal stations. Each railroad village, in a way, becomes an end of the road. From it the hinterland will be nourished by trucks. Interurban railroads are being strengthened or hamstrung by the new idea, dependent on their position. The railroads had cause to fear the trucks at one time. Now they have not. They can get back to their own

proper business of operating main lines while the small and to them unprofitable feeders—unprofitable in the sense that their only value has been to bring freight to the main stem—will be replaced by gasoline wagons. Here is a proof of it:

"In three years," says MacDonald, "the trucks have so expanded their business that thirty-six percent of the milk that reaches Baltimore comes on them."

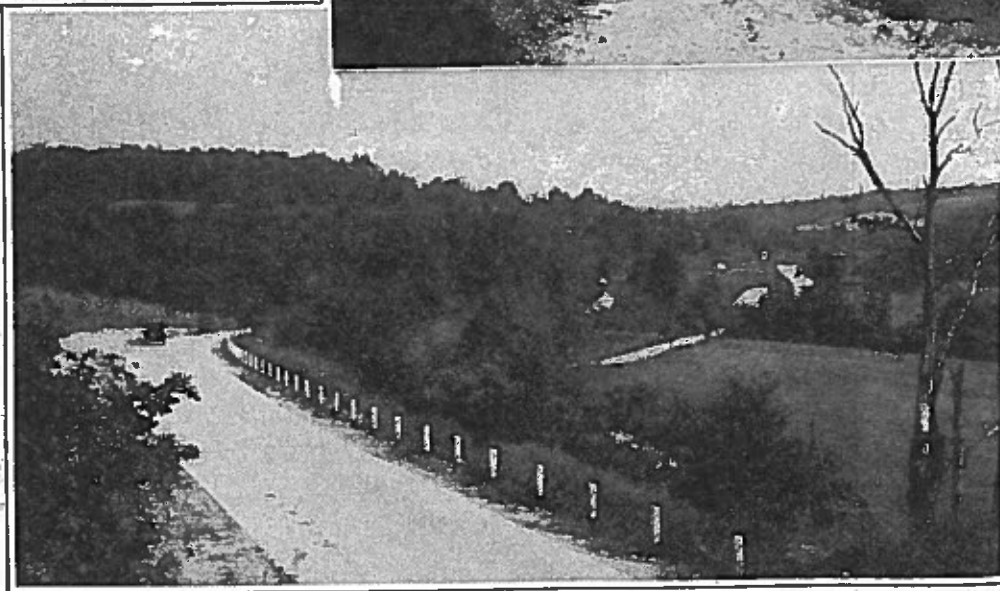
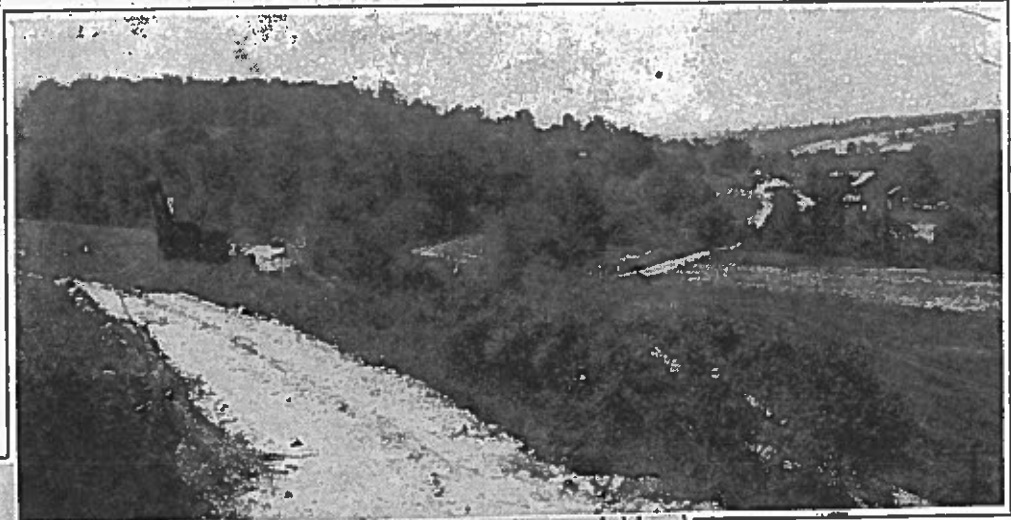
"Pretty hard on the railroad, you'd say. Not a bit of it. The railroads are hauling just as much milk into Baltimore as they ever did—maybe more. The difference is that more milk is getting into the city. It is not hard to figure out what that means to the farmers of the Baltimore district, and to the babies of Baltimore. The same thing is going on, although not in the identical proportion, almost everywhere else.

"Almost three million miles of country roads are being called upon to serve the new system," says MacDonald. And here is the climax of his story: "Not until the last year has the highway traffic of this country been considered as an entity."

We used to think of good roads in pieces. A good road ran past my granddad's farm, and another ran into Marysville, and another into Columbus. But they were barred off from each

other by dirt roads. During dry weather you traveled in a pillar of cloud by day. In bad weather you navigated a dirt road hub-deep. No one was to blame for not having a more comprehensive idea of good-roads possibilities. A system of good roads was not needed then. What was needed was enough good roads so that one could get into the county seat. It was a good team that could haul a light wagon fifty miles a day, and no team could go on at that rate very long. Then the automobile came and conditions changed almost overnight. The superman might have foreseen what was certain to happen, as MacDonald says. But there was no superman. It took the war to give a real kick to the good-roads business. Now the day is in sight when "we can start at any county seat in the United States and go to any other county seat over a good road every foot of the way."

A GOOD road nowadays does not mean a road that can be ploughed through. Read Dickens's "American Notes," if you want a line on what the main-traveled roads in this country used to be. The best of them were corduroy. The worst were holes, wallows, dust, rocks, stumps, mud, through which the straining horses pulled the



No, good roads don't spoil the landscape. Note how the view has been improved by this government-assisted change from dirt to concrete. Incidentally a grade crossing has been eliminated. The scene is Pennsylvania

coaches at two miles an hour when they were lucky. A good road now is one on which you can step along at thirty-five miles an hour without endangering a spring, on which trucks can haul capacity loads at the legal speed limit. And talking of the difference between good roads and bad roads MacDonald says:

"One of these days gasoline will cost more than it does now. Of course, something may be discovered to take its place. Something will be discovered. But it is safe to say that the day will come when gas will cost a great deal more than it does now."

All right, then—
(Con. on page 20)

It's a Great Life If —

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

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Fin

Source of Supply (confidentially): "How was that stuff I sold you last night?"
Victim (wearily): "It was good as long as I lasted."

Items from a Censor's Memory File

The Heartfelt Keynote: "Dear Sweet-heart: This billet is a hell of a hole."

The Careful Note: "To the Censor: Lieutenant, sir, I hope the above x x x x x in this letter to my girl is all right. They ain't a map or anything."

The Jocosse Note: "We have a rumor here that the Kaiser is dead, but I should not write you that since it is giving information as to the whereabouts of the enemy."

The Sarcastic Note: "I'm sorry my last letter was so much clipped. So I will close now with lots of lovums to you, tootsie sweetums. P. S. I hope the censor doesn't think that's code."

A Sick Man

Jimmie was watching a man with muscles sticking out all over his body demonstrating a new kind of exercising device in a store window.

"O-o-o, lookut, mother!" he gasped.
"He's got mumps all over him."

Modernists

"Do you mean to say," the first divinity student asked in astonishment, "that you did the Louvre in one afternoon?"

"Absolutely," replied the second, who had just returned from Europe, "and never missed a nude."

Hops? Hops? How Come Hops?

(Headline in Kansas City Times)

WORLD DRY ERE HE GOES

"Pussyfoot" Johnson Returns to America Full of Hops

Some Mixed Foursomes

"Mother, may I go out to meet
And vamp some joyride popper?"
"Mais oui, ma chérie, toute de suite:
Return at dawn, as proper."

H. C. S.

Unforgivable

He: "What do you consider man's greatest fault?"
She: "Being so scarce."

Call to Arms

May: "The photographers never do me justice."
Ray: "You want mercy, not justice, dear."

Strained Enjoyment

Mrs. Rufus White, head of the White family, having joined the church choir, Rufus was obliged to put up with her practising morning, noon and night.

"Does yo' enjoy yo' wife's singing?" he was asked one day.
"Oh, yas," he answered dutifully, "but," he added, sotto voce, "it ain't becaze Ah partic'ly likes to."

Misunderstood

De Style: "One day I got Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Washington—"
Gunbusta: "I didn't know you owned a radio."
De Style: "I don't. I'm talking about a baseball pool."

Logical Extravagance

"I hear," said Smith, "that you bring your wife a box of candy every day."

"Yes," replied Newlywed, "it's always a comfortable feeling to know that you have something to eat in the house."

Settled

"I thought, Sam," said Jones, upon meeting his colored friend outside the courtroom, "that you were going to settle your disputes out of court."

"We did, suh," declared Sam. "Dis yere am jes' de suit fo' 'sault an' battery what happened durin' de settlement."

As Others See Us

He: "I can tell instinctively what people think of me."

She: "How annoying!"

No Blackmail

First Golddigger: "Oh, I tell you it's hard on us poor girls. He fell for me and I fell for him, and then—"

Second Prospector: "Yeh?"

"Then I find out that the base deceiver ain't married!"

Comparison

Mr. Heinsheimer: "Ah, yes, my wife is versed in the culinary art."

Mr. Stein: "Ach, nein! Mine iss py far de vorst!"

Even So

"A voice like yours is a gift," the matron gushed, as she handed the famous tenor a check for his performance at her entertainment.

"Yes, madam," the tenor somewhat coldly replied as he noted the smallness of the check. "So it would seem."

The Only Thing Possible

Book Agent: "Now here is a wonderful book entitled, 'How I Farmed for Profit.'"

Farmer Bitters: "I ain't got no time to read no fiction whatever."

Out!

Grocer: "Sorry, young man, but you won't do for this business. You stutter too much."

Applicant: "W-why, s-s-sir?"

Grocer: "Well, you see folks are so suspicious of us grocers that they think we sand the sugar an' everything. When they ask questions it wouldn't do to have a clerk hesitate with his answers."

Unreliable

Mistress: "Late again this morning! Don't you use that alarm clock I gave you?"

Maid: "Yes, ma'am. But it goes off when I'm asleep."

Prince Charming

Supply Sergeant: "Sorry, we have no size twelve hobs, but here are some large tens."

Buck Private: "Say, who do you think I am—Cinderella?"

Soda We

A buck who was fond of his vin blank or its American equivalent was accosted by his colonel with the demand:

"Private, what is it makes your nose so red?"

"Colonel, sir," replied the buck, nothing abashed, "I always blush when I meet my commanding officer."



After letting it ring for five minutes, Henry gets out of a warm bed at three a.m. to answer the telephone

Jealous

She: "Mother saw you kiss me last night and she is very angry."

The Vain Male: "Why, I'm nothing to your mother and she is nothing to me. In fact, I scarcely know her."

His Purpose

The Minister: "Although I disapprove of fighting, I was glad to see that you chose to fight on the weaker side. It was noble of you."

Casey, Jr.: "Yeah—an' it made the fight last longer."

A Question in Economics

"I'm looking for a bright little boy," said the kind old lady to the youngster on roller skates, "who wants to earn a penny by mailing this letter for me."

"A penny, huh?" snorted the child. "Wot you're lookin' fer is a little dumb-bell!"

Bz-z-z-z!

"A thick-headed recruit," said the old colonel, "has been likened at times to a dentist. His drilling soon gets on your nerves."

Editorial Planks

"The editor of our paper has come out flat-footed against adjusted compensation."

"Yes, and he came out flat-footed when he went before the draft board."

Dangerous Habit

They fell to discussing the absent-mindedness of the acquaintance who had just passed.

"That habit nearly cost him his life when he was on his vacation," remarked one.

"How was that?"

"He fell overboard and forgot he knew how to swim."

Talking Business

Madge: "I never allow a young man to kiss me more than a dozen times in a year."

Ted: "Well, we'll probably have a scrap before then, so I'd better take the whole quota now."

The Modern Pupil

Teacher: "Melville, name the four seasons."

Melville: "Can't do it—don't know how to play Mah Jong."

Broad Highways of Democracy

(Continued from page 4)

"I can demonstrate that even at the low cost of gas today it pays in cash to issue bonds and convert bad roads into good ones. Broadly speaking, the difference in hauling cost between a bad road and a good one to the motorist is one cent for each mile for each ton."

The man who has no motor will likely put up his nose here and say that he isn't interested. But he is. The cost of what goes on his table will be less if the motorist can deliver it to him for less. And anyhow, the motorist pays the freight. He is the man who is building the good roads. But that is a matter to be taken up later. Let's get back to the war.

It was the war that demonstrated that the railroads could not handle all the business in time of national emergency, and that in the event of a war fought on our own soil we would need dependable transportation lines apart from the steel rails. So in 1916 Congress passed the first general act, which gave Federal aid to the States which would consent to build highways up to a certain standard and under certain conditions. Congress does do big things now and then. We may revile Congress, but it does deliver now and then.

One of the provisions of that act was that each participating State must have a state highway department through which government co-operation could be worked out. Seventeen States had no such thing on the premises. They created them. Several others had to revise or strengthen their departments. Now every one has a functioning highway department and in almost every instance—perhaps in every instance—"the highway department is the largest and best paid in the state government. It is almost invariably free from politics."

Highways were not free from politics when I was a kid—not by a nautical mile. There was graft and carelessness and inefficiency everywhere. Every culvert had its value of one sort or another to the county commissioners. But MacDonald says that the people at home will not stand for this sort of thing any more. Since almost every one of us has an automobile—"we estimate that there will be 15,000,000 gas-propelled vehicles on the roads in 1924"—or at least rides in one now and then. The roads mean too much to us to permit any horse-headed politician to feather his nest at the expense of our car-springs. And the state departments notch in well with that of the Federal Government. Sometimes fifty percent of the cost of a new road is granted if certain conditions are complied with. They are, roughly, that the road to be improved shall be in the newly planned Federal-state network which is to connect all our county seats, that it shall be improved along certain lines, and that it shall be inspected and maintained up to a named standard.

That's what the war did for us. But there is more to come. The States saw the advantage of the new policy. They all cut in on the plan. But when it came to actually taking advantage of the Federal proposition there were obstacles sighted. One was the cost of maintenance. The Federal Government demanded that certain things be done. To do them the States would have been

forced to buy very costly equipment, and taxes were even then rising to a height which brought groans from your Uncle Dudley, who paid them. The state participation in the Federal plan might have been confined to hearty cheering on the part of some States except that the war helped them out.

In order to play our part in the war we had bought millions of dollars' worth of trucks and scrapers and tractors and ploughs. After the Armistice we did not need them. The Army and Navy were given all they could handle—oh, yes, the Navy uses ploughs and scrapers—and all the other government departments were stocked up with all such devices they could show a need for, and still there was a stock left on hand. A proposal that they be sold at public auction brought anguished groans from the automobile manufacturers. Their case was rather a good one, too. Such a sale would have put a new and special dent in the business situation, which was bad enough just then anyhow.

Therefore the trucks and tractors and scrapers and ploughs—\$300,000,000 worth of them—were turned over to the state highway departments. And they have been hard at work ever since. It seems that it is time that some mathematics were set into this story. Elsewhere there is a table, by which the state of our highway system can be seen at a glance. But for the moment here is enough to ponder on:

Sixty thousand miles of road have been surfaced—which does not mean completed—and 26,536 miles have been completed, in the Federal Aid Highway System. In the system of good roads maintained by the States, mostly in conjunction with the Federal plan, there are 30,200 more miles of good roads. The Federal Government is now helping to build 15,000 more miles of good roads. When the Federal Government gets through with the present plan it will have built or helped to build 170,000 miles of good roads. That will take ten years at the programmed rate of 11,000 miles a year.

MacDonald thinks that we must learn to think of transportation as a part of our plan of life, as much as is production or consumption. We in the cities cannot eat and those of us on the farms cannot prosper unless what the one raises can be put on the other's table. Hence the immense value of good roads. But that is not all. MacDonald has what at first seemed to me the heretical idea that good roads are not to be considered primarily for the purpose of hauling crops to town. It only shows how one can go dawdling along in a mental rut until some one drags him out of it. All my life I had considered good roads chiefly as the means of getting corn to the mill.

"Not a bit of it," says MacDonald. "If the good roads through the farming districts were put on the same financial basis as the railroads, that is, if they were compelled to justify by earnings the cost of building and upkeep, they could not do it. They do not earn enough. They would go bankrupt."

This is his theory. Wheat, corn, hogs, potatoes, the heavy crops of the farm, are usually hauled to market in off times, and when the roads are good. When the roads are bad the farmer can



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find other work to do. No farmer ever failed of finding more work to do than he has hours for. But it is evident that, this being the case, the farmer can get along with just a moderately good road. A little scraping, a little draining, a little heaping up, a few culverts strengthened, and he has a road which is good enough for his purpose and cheap enough for his pocket. Iowa farmers made that clear to Mac-Donald when at the age of twenty he sought to better their roads. So he confined himself to putting in concrete culverts that thrashing engines would not break through, and putting crowns on the dirt roads, for the time being.

What the good roads are needed for is for other purposes entirely. Of course a load of wheat can be hauled to market much more cheaply over a good road than a bad one—see Mac-Donald's figures, quoted some distance back—but the good road is needed primarily for purposes of social communication. The youngsters were leaving the farms not so long ago. No one could blame them—some of them, anyhow. They were alive, peppy, full of hops and ginger, intelligent. The farm was a dark room for them. They saw no one, heard no one, could not get out to do anything.

Rural free delivery, which functions best over good roads, was the first gleam of light through the crust of farm isolation. Then came the automobile, which needs a good road on which to make good. Now the telephone extension and electric lights are converting many a farm into an adjunct of town. The boys and girls can hop into the flivver when the day's work is done, fly to town over a fast surface, see a movie, get a kiss, buy a glass of pop and get back home. There they have only to turn off the ignition. It isn't necessary to rub down faithful Dobbin or to lie to father about having taken out a horse that had worked all day.

But this holds good mostly in such regions as the Mississippi Valley, Mac-Donald says; that is, in districts in which the prime need is for a road that will feed society, if that is not too bungling a way to put it. In the Mississippi Valley the invariable trinity of rich soil, rainy weather and bad roads is to be met. Therefore the sort of road that should be built differs from the sort that is needed in the New England country, where frost is the principal enemy of the road builder.

The social needs are served by the good roads in New England, of course. But the remainder of the problem is somewhat different. Seventy percent of the people live within fifty miles of tidewater. The roads must link the water to the distant fringe of people, and by making short hauls possible and profitable provide for the feeding of the great manufacturing centers. On the Pacific Coast the problem varies again. There is a shortage of north and south roads to gridiron the great east and west transcontinental lines. Unless good automobile roads are constructed the development of the country is hindered. But the Pacific Coast road is not the sort that is needed in the Mississippi Valley. Each section has worked out its own sort.

The good-roads network which is to cover the country eventually is seen by the good roadsters first as a system of community roads.

You Can Make \$5000.00 a Year!

Yes, you, too, can make \$4000 to \$5000 a year—for we have openings right now in many of the best sections—openings that mean an independent income and all the good things of life—just as they have for Warren Cobb, J. C. Clark and C. H. Miller. A Coffield salesman has given exclusive territory and protected in it. He sells a product that makes good every claim—he has no competition, because it is not sold in stores. Coffield salesmen build up a permanent business for themselves—bigger and bigger year by year.

LET THESE MEN PROVE IT TO YOU



"\$657 In One Day"

"This week ends my sixth year selling Coffield Tire Protectors. My first week's sales amounted to \$191 for 17 Protectors. Since then I have sold as many as 77 in one week, and my largest single day's sales were .50, or \$675 worth. The present perfected quality and lower price make this product a very attractive selling proposition. The sale of just one set a day will make the salesman around \$50 a week."

JAY C. CLARK.



"Make Real Money"

"I have been a specialty salesman for the past ten years and can sincerely say that Coffield Tire Protectors do just what the manufacturer claims for them. They have made me more real friends than any other specialty I have been connected with for the past ten years. A salesman who will put in an honest day's work will make real money selling Coffield Tire Protectors."

C. H. MILLER.

"\$15,000 In 1 Year"

"I have been handling Protectors since last January. In that time I have sold close to \$15,000. It is the best device on the market for tire troubles. Every car owner is a prospect and needs them. You cannot make a mistake by asking the agency. There are two kinds of men handling Protectors. One waits for business—the other goes out after it, rain or shine. The first is a failure; the second a success."

WARREN COBB.

Coffield TIRE PROTECTOR



Prevents punctures, blow-outs, stone bruises and fabric breaks. Doubles the life of a tire. More than pays for itself on the first tire—can be used over and over again. Made only of pure live rubber—no fabric, no metal, no friction. Patented—so there can be nothing else like them. Sold under a three-year guarantee.

Big Spring Orders Starting

Our big Spring Campaign is just beginning. Large commissions and monthly prizes. No capital required. Write today for catalog and price list.

Territory going fast—Act Quick—Write

The Coffield Tire Protector Company
625 Court Street, Dayton, Ohio

You can Build a Good Business Make Good Money Doing It

Sell auto owners and housewives our ALLKLEEN AUTO and FURNITURE POLISH. The world's greatest cleaner and polisher on the market. Exclusive territory for live agents. Costs you 45c per bottle, delivered; retails for \$1.00. Write or Write at Once, for EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS. ALLKLEEN MFG. CO., Long Island City, N. Y.

Sell Shirts

Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts, Palamas, and Nightshirts direct from our factory to wearers. Nationally advertised. Easy to sell. Exclusive patterns. Exceptional values. No experience or capital required. Large steady income assured. Entirely new proposition. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. MADISON SHIRT CO., 508 Broadway, N. Y. City

! ruined

Thousands of homes were broken up—ruined by the war. Thousands of youngsters were deprived of home and father. To these children—the innocent victims of war—the public owes a debt that can never be fully paid. The American Legion makes but one annual appeal to the public for money. This year it is in behalf of the fast growing army of war orphans who cannot ask for aid—and would not if they could. The method decided upon for the collection of this money is through the sale of poppies. The poppy is the official flower of the American Legion—the symbol of a faith that is being kept.

Each American Legion Post with the aid of its Auxiliary can discharge its share of the Legion's obligation to these homeless children by contributing financially to the Legion's Children's Welfare Committee from funds raised by the sale of poppies. This is a golden opportunity to pay a lasting tribute to our deceased comrades. To assist in planning and successfully conducting a poppy campaign National Headquarters has prepared a booklet, "Planning Your Poppy Campaign," which will be forwarded without cost. Just sign the coupon below and mail to National Headquarters.

TEAR OFF AND MAIL TODAY

EMBLEM DIVISION, THE AMERICAN LEGION, N.Y. HEADQUARTERS

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Planning Your Poppy Campaign."

Name _____ Address _____ Town _____ State _____ Post No. _____

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make a substantial amount weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
180 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

"HELP WANTED" Uncle Sam.

Ex-Service Men Get Special Preference

\$1400 to \$3000 Year

Become Railway Mail Clerks

Steady Work Paid Vacations

Common education sufficient

Kindly send me, entirely free, of charges, (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable; (3) Send full information describing preference.

COUPON

Railway Mail Clerk (\$1800 to \$2200)
Postoffice Clerk (\$1400 to \$1800)
City Mail Carrier (\$1400 to \$1800)
Rural Mail Carrier (\$1800 to \$2200)
Income Tax Auditor (\$2400 to \$3000)

Name

is to be woven a system of state roads, by which the important points in the state are connected. Third and finally, out of the state roads is to be linked a system of Federal roads, which will eventually connect every county seat with every other county seat. Now let's take account of stock.

There are 2,865,000 miles of road in the United States. Of these, 387,000 miles are more or less improved. The remainder runs from bad roads to pig tracks. Some of it is just trails through the woodlands, which may not be made into real roads for another century, because they serve no present need. Of the 387,000 miles that are more or less improved 220,000 miles have been ticketed as the state systems, which are improved or to be improved by the States. And of these state roads, 170,000 miles have been selected for the Federal aid plan, through which the Federal and state governments cooperate.

"But will these roads not soon be covered by a plaster of bonds?" I asked. "Trucks tear the gizzard out of roads, and they must be rebuilt at intervals, and each rebuilding calls for another bond issue."

"A road that is properly cared for can never wear out," was MacDonald's reply. "Maryland has proved that."

The one thing which States must get ready for, he says, is the proper policing of their roads, just as city streets are policed today. The next thing is for the people of the States to realize their highway system as a whole, and not piecemeal, so that the jurisdiction over the little roads shall be taken, at least in part, from the township and county officers and given over to the state highway departments. Then he made the most striking statement of all to me:

"Did you know that the Federal excise tax on automobile parts has more than covered the entire cost of Federal aid?"

Well, I didn't, but here are the figures. In the seven years from 1917 to 1923 inclusive a total of \$264,782,216 has been spent by the Federal Govern-

ment on the administration and construction of Federal roads, including the cost of the road building by the Forest Service. In the six years from 1918 to 1923 inclusive a total of \$589,012,021 has been collected by the Internal Revenue Bureau in taxes on passenger automobiles and motorcycles, motor trucks, tires and accessories and passenger automobiles for hire—or more than twice as much, when the year's difference in time is considered.

And the job is just beginning. The American people are still pioneering, as MacDonald says. The job right now is to move the traffic. This year White River in Indiana has been bridged for the first time in history between the important towns of Evansville and Terre Haute. Five bridges have been put in over the Missouri River, making Missouri into one State for the first time in history. A sixty mile detour has been saved by a bridge over the Savannah River on the way into Savannah. These are mere samples of what is being done.

"The Big Idea," says MacDonald, "is making good."

The Road Situation

Total road mileage in the United States	2,865,000
Of which there is more or less improved	387,000
Of which in state systems there are	220,000
Of the state systems there are included in the Federal aid network	170,000
Of which still to be improved are	110,000
In the Federal-state system the mileage now surfaced is	60,000
And completed	26,586
And work is now under way on the Federal-state system on	15,000
Of which there have been graded	8,000
The total paved mileage amounts to	26,000

With Privilege of Stopover

(Continued from page 6)

him; was openly scornful as Bill started his engine.

"Ain't no miss there," he said. "I know it—you damned fool!" said Bill. He could speak in a natural tone; the racing engine drowned out his voice. "My God, Chuck—and Miss Winston said you had brains!"

Chuck stared. "You bonehead—can't you see that's not the Governor in there? Listen, now—don't say a word—just listen! God knows where the Governor is! He was thrown off a train just this side of Butte, Saturday night—and I was thrown off after him, in ten feet of snow a plough had kicked up along the track. I got away—but a gang got hold of him and they've got him hidden somewhere. I don't know where this lad inside comes in, but there's dirty work of some sort under way."

Chuck's jaw had dropped, and he stood, on the opposite side of the engine, staring incredulously at Bill.

"Here!" Bill held out the ring Winston had given him. "See this?" Chuck stared at the ring.

"Gee!" he said. "But—I asked the boss—and he said he'd lost it! He always wears it—claims it's a lucky piece!"

"He gave it to me—so people'd know I was working for him! Snap into it, Chuck—step on your starter and get the old bean working! Can't you see this is a younger man than the Governor? Think, man—think of his voice! Go in and take another look—see if you can't see where his hair's been made grey—where lines have been penciled in—"

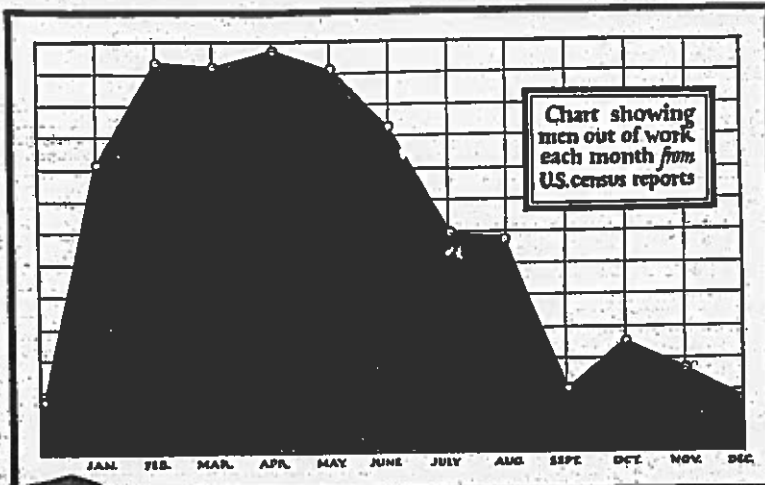
"Say—I'm comin' to, at that," said Chuck. "The—now, yesterday, when the boss—when this guy comes in—he don't know the trick on the front door key—the way you have to pull it out, after you've stuck it in, to make it catch and turn. That's the sort o' thing you don't forget, either. Say—I guess you've got it right! What do I do? Give this bird the bum's rush?"

And he started, belligerently, toward the house.

"For the love of Mike—no!" cried Bill. "We want him right where he

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One Million Workers will lose their Jobs



Just look at this chart. It shows how many men are out of work each month. The figures (taken from the Census Report) will astound you! Think of it. 1,000,000 or more men are jobless from January to July—EVERY YEAR!



I'll Help You to Get a Position You Can Keep

ONE MILLION WORKERS WILL LOSE THEIR JOBS THIS SUMMER. It happens every year—and just as sure as fate it will happen again this year! The U. S. Census Report proves it. A famous employment expert says that not one year passes without at least 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 workers pounding the streets in a hopeless search for jobs. And when you know that the average pay for employees is only \$24.70 a week, you will realize how little any man can afford to lose his job at any time.

Just think what this means to you. One man in every ten will surely lose his job. What about you? Is your job safe? Are you sure that you won't be one of the jobless millions this summer? Are you certain that you won't have to worry about your pay?

Stop Worrying About the Future

Get rid of the bugaboo of hard times, strikes, lockouts, layoffs. Put an end to your yearly job-hunting. Get a position in the United States Civil Service. Work for Uncle Sam, the finest, squarest, most dependable boss in the world.

Here's a position that you can keep—a fine job that will end forever your worries about your job or your pay. You get \$1,600 and up a year to

start. Increases are rapid—in some positions, pay is raised automatically every year. Others give a yearly bonus of \$240. Hours are easy—eight or less a day. Vacations and sick leave every year with full pay. Work at home, travel in Washington or at Panama Canal. Best of all you won't have to worry about hard times, because you can't be fired or laid off for any religious, personal or political reasons.

Pick the Job You Want

At the right you can read about a few of the hundreds of positions open in the Civil Service. Which one do you want? I'll help you get it. I have already shown thousands how to get the splendid, well-paid positions they now have in the Civil Service: For eight years I was an Official Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, so I know just what questions are asked, and what answers are wanted. That's why you can depend on me to train you so you will stand right near the top of your class and be offered one of the first positions open.

Get My FREE BOOK Today

If you are an American Citizen, eighteen years old or more; you can get a Government Civil Service position, and if you have an ordinary 4th grade education as a foundation I want you to have a copy of my splendid book, telling you how you can qualify in your own home to become a Railway Mail Clerk, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, Rural Carrier, Postmaster, Custom Service Man, Panama Canal Clerk, or any of the other positions which are fully described in my book. *No previous experience is required.* Find out now just how I can help you to land a steady, good-paying position with the U. S. Government. Ex-Servicemen get special preference. Mail the coupon or just a postal today.

Here's what I will do for YOU

I guarantee that my training will get you the position you want—or it costs you nothing

Railway Mail Clerk

\$1,600 to \$2,300 a year. Work 6 days, then 6 days off. Paid all the time. Opportunity for travel. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay.

Post Office Clerk

\$1,400 to \$1,800 a year. Special clerks at \$2,000. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Advancement to positions paying up to \$3,400 a year.

City Mail Carrier

\$1,400 to \$1,800 a year. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Advancement to positions paying up to \$3,400 a year.

R. F. D. Mail Carrier

\$1,800 to \$2,600 a year. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Fine position for men in rural districts.

Postmaster

\$1,000 to \$2,500 and up. This is a position of great importance. In small towns a position which can be made very profitable.

Internal Revenue Men

\$1,000 to \$3,300 a year. Yearly bonus of \$240. 30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Positions nearly everywhere. Eligible to advancement to positions as high as \$6,500 a year.

Customs Service

\$1,000 to \$3,300 a year. Yearly bonus of \$240. 30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Positions nearly everywhere. Eligible to advancement to positions paying as high as \$6,500 a year.

Departmental Clerk

\$1,100 to \$2,000 and up. Yearly bonus of \$240. 30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Work in Washington.

Arthur R. Patterson, Principal
Patterson Civil Service School
Dept. R-633, Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me your big free book and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1,600 and up a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This doesn't cost me a penny.

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